A Slave From Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.) "I am now twenty-four years old,"
said Edward Swanson, of White Rock,
Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became af-flicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the sufferings in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail, I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result. "For twelve long years I was thus a

sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to

ease my pain. "I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encour-aged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only tooglad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full today as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams Pink Pills contain, in

a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose buik) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The contented man can get more comfort out of a corn cob than the dyspeptic can from the finest imported ci-

Hope is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness the world affords.

For Knights Templar.

Low-rate excursion to Boston via Nickel Plate road. Tickets on sale Aug.
19th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates;
through trains; palace sleeping-cars;
unexcelled service, including diningcars and colored porters in charge of day coaches. For particulars address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

Women are usually most extravgant in their methods of saving money.

The meanest man in town, who cannot boast of a single friend, invariably has a wife, and generally a good one.

Bethany College at Lindsborg, Kansas, will begin its fifteenth year Sept. 11th. Bethany has had a wonderful growth, and to-day stands as one of the strongest denominational Colleges in the West with 23 Professors, and 444 Students. Its College Diploma is recognized by Yale, Chicago and European Universities. Strong departments in Latin, Greek, French and German. Good Normal departments. The Business College has the finest class room in the State. The Music and Art Department lead all the other Colleges. In Music Bethany is said to have no competition in the West. Her artists are trained in Europe. Bethany has a beautiful campus, fine, pleasant surroundings, and deserves her popularity which gave her an increase of students even last year. This Summer a large Gymnasium and Auditorium is being

The mind of a good man is a kingdom to him and he can always enjoy

Many run after felicity like a man hunting for his hat while it is on his head.

Take pleasure in your work. A task which appears distasteful at first sight soon becomes pleasure.

From present indications the summer girl will look very much like a

slice out of a rainbow.

The Latest Sensation.

The surprisingly low rates offered by the Nickel Plate road to Boston and re-turn account Knights Templar con-clave and a choice of forty routes. Tickets on sale Aug. 19th to 25th inclu-sive; longest return limit; service strictlly first-class. Eleeping car space re-served in advance. For further infor-mation address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago.

There is a cheeming elasticity about a girl of eighteen springs.

If you want to learn just where a man stands follow him into a crowded street car.

She-Let us sit under the grand old cak and chat. He-Beautiful tree. And did you plant it yourself?

When thought is too weak to be simply expressed, it is clear proof that it should be rejected.-Vauvanarques.



CHAPTER XIL-(Continued.)

"Where shall I go? Where will you hide me?" she demanded, with childish simplicity of confidence. The color mounted to the young

man's cheek. "I will take care of you," was his reassuring response, delivered after a

moment of reflection. "Oh, carry me away from Malta on one of the ships!" sighed Dolores,

elinging to his arm. The hour of departure of the Italian steamship Elettrico approached. The confusion and bustle incident to sailing increased rather than diminished

as the day advanced. Mrs. Fillingham trotted about to secure the best of everything for her invalid husband during the short yoyage to Messina.

The Signorina Giulia Melita, hoarse and very much wrapped up in shawls, made petulant responses to the solicit-ous inquiries of the urbane Mr. Brown. Melita was bored and out of spirits. She displayed a fickleness which is occasionally observable in birds of song and scarcely glanced at the Island where her own debut in opera had been successfully achieved.

The American millionaire from the great west, and his bevy of children, were bidding farewell to their numerous acquaintances, with cordial invitations to visit them in turn and make a tour of Colorado or the Rocky

"I think the Mediterranean is per-fectly splend id," affirmed the 17-yearold daughter, with enthusiam.

"Hooray for Malta!" cried the son and heir Tommy, aged 10, striving to climb a ladder. "We will come again soon, won't we, Pa?" "I shall expect to see you arrive on

a flying machine, invented by your clever fellow countryman, Mr. Edison," remarked Capt. Blake.
"I like to travel," said the rosy-

cheeked daughter. 'People are so pleasant."

The keen eye of Captain Blake noticed a lady among the passengers with sudden curiosity.

The lady stood alone. She was enveloped in a brown cloak, with a of another generation hood, and wore on her head a small her features.

The captain roamed around this solitary figure, inspired by a suspicion, and endeavored to gain a closer inspection of her face, but she averted Her head, as if disturbed by his interest, fixing her gaze with a timid and melancholy insistance on the shore. The summons for all loiterers to seek land was given, and Captain Blake prepared reluctantly to depart Here was a little drama in real life, and he longed to serve as cynical spectator. Here was a buffling mystery under his very gaze, and he wished to solve it to his own satisfaction.

The agitation of the unknown one in the brown cloak became marked. She shrank nearer the bulwark, and grasped the railing with a nervous hand, while her shoulders moved convulsively, as if she was unable to re- her tone. press some powerful emotion.

At this critical juncture a small boat approached, and Arthur Curzon sprang hostess. on board of the Elettrico just as the board." packet was about to swing from her moorings.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Capt. Blake, with vivacity. "Are you off on leave?"

"Yes," was the brief response. "And I am chained to this rock of steel for several months longer."

grumbled the soldier. Lieut Curzon had never appeared more animated and handsome than in civilian's dress on this occasion. He hastened to the traveler in the brown

"Am I late?" he demanded, in cheer-

ful accents. "Yes. You are very late," she replied, in a low tremulous voice.

They talked together earnestly for a long time, quite oblivious of surroundings.

The young officer, on quitting Dolores at an earlier hour, had sought the presence of his kinsman, the commander of H.M.S. Sparrow, to claim the promised leave of absence. He had no misgivings as to the result, and possibly the conversation with his cousin Mrs. Griffith recurred to his mind. The amiable hostess had intimated her conviction that the stern ruler of the ship would be disposed to overlook all peccadilloes. A brief and stormy interview had nevertheless ensued, of which the full particulars were not given by either of the participants. The captain made subsequent allusion to headstrong young men who threatened to throw up their commissions if thwarted in their dear-

est wishes of the moment. The vessel once in motion, Lieut.

globes of the electric light shone on the passing crowds and the wet pavement

The young woman drew from the folds of her dress a Maltese cross. She gazed at it for a long time, and then kissed it with reverence.

and fell on the floor. Stooping hastily

she sobbed. "He seemed to be calling for me. Oh, poor, old grandpapa! The portrait of our knight had fallen down. Take me back to the Watch Tower!"

'Let us go at once," pleaded Dolores.

matron. "Hew come you take such a very rash step!" "He loves me, and I love him, and

that is all we care about in the world," faltered the girl, with a sob. "But think of your poor grandpapa!"

"Grandpapa will not miss me," retorted Dolores, stealing a deprecating glance at the severe and disapproving countenance of Mrs. Fillingham.

"I am quite sure he will miss you." rejoined the older woman. "He never cared about me at all," cried Dolores, with a sudden and pas-

sionate outburst at wrong. "Lieutenant Curzon, I consider your conduct as simply abominable," said Mrs. Fillingham, becoming red in the face. "I will have nothing to do with your elopement."

Then she turned away, as if to clearly demonstrate that she washed her hands of a very bad business.

The Ancient Mariner removed his spectacles, and polished the glasses on a silk pocket-handkerchief. Dolores clung to her lover's arm,

aghast and bewildered by this brusque,

feminine repulse. Did Capt. Fillingham wink at Lieut Curzon? It cannot be positively asserted that the old gentleman was guilty of such an undignified proceeding on this grave occasion, yet assuredly a highly suspicious trembling of the right eyelid was perceptible, while his benevolent features failed to reflect the anger of his spouse He even smiled at the ter-

assuringly. "There is no use in crying over spilled milk. you know," he reasoned at length. "What are your plans?"

rified Dolores, and patted heg hand re-

Lieut. Curzon eagerly unfolded his projects. He intended to seek Switzerland at the nearest point of the Canton Tessin, get married and journey on to Paris.

If Dolores could be placed under the charge of Mrs. Fillingham in the interval, all scandal would be avoided and busy tongues at Malta effectually silenced. It is true that the lover thought of public opinion for the first time as the shores of Dolores' island home faded in the distance.

The young hypocrite pleaded his cause warmly and well. He did not hesitate to remind the ancient mariner that he had been his father's best man at his wedding, and to hint the acceptability of his giving away a bride

The comrade of Admiral Jack liststraw hat, with a veil of black lace ened attentively. What reminiscences attached, which effectually concealed did the voice of his companion evoke? His heart warmed toward the rash couple and he felt young again. He nodded acquiescence and made the culprits take a seat beide him on the deck, thus assuring them of his own protection and approval.

An hour later Mrs. Fillingham, in relenting mood, had given the pale Dolores a cup of tea, with plenty of sugar, and held the whimpering and doleful Florio on her lap.
In the meanwhile, Capt. Blake

strolled into Mrs. Griffith's tea room, where the Vicar, with the weak chest, was discoursing on shells with Miss Symthe.

"Our friend the lieutenant is off on leave of absence," said the airy intruder.

"Who?" demanded the hostess, with an unusual inflection of sharpness in

"Lieut, Curzon," replied Capt. Blake, accepting cream at the hand of the "The pretty Maltese was on

"Are you jealous, Capt. Blake?" inquired Miss Symthe. Not a trace of displeasure was per-

ceptible on her fair face, nor a tre mo of agitation in her soft voice, as she turned to the tea-urn.

He laughed his grating little laugh. "I am not a marrying man." He thought-

"She is very strong." The clergyman resumed his thread of talk, pleased with the graceful

deference of an intelligent listener. "I should like to show you my cabinet of shells, Miss Ethel. I have some rather good specimens"

Capt Blake stirred the contents of

his cup and gazed into the depths, as if he suspected some private jest of lurking at the bottom. "I always have bet ten to one on the chances of the parsen in my own

mind," he thought "The living is an

uncommonly good one, I am told." The Island of Malta lessened, faded, and disappeared altogether to the passengers of the Elettrico, as the packet made her way in the direction of Messina over the calm, blue Mediterranean sea.

The day had held in its unfolding hours the elements of marvelous changes.

A fortnight latera young man sat at a piano in the salon of a hotel of the Avenue de l'Opera at Paris, atrumming a bar of the Swallow waltz of Strauss, while a young woman paused in the embrasure of a window, hold-

ing a tiny dog in her arms. The night was rainy, and the great

The trinket slipped from her fingers, to recover it, she trod on the cross and broke it. She burst into tears

"I dreamed of grandpapa last night,"

"We must start for Malta on Monday," said Arthur Curzon.

CHAPTER XIII.



tained a crushing blow. He wiped his moist brow, and gazed, vacantly, about him. "Good God!" he groaned, his pinched features contracting with anxiety and fear. "Who would have ever believed

it? How could I have forseen this day? Accursed knaves!" Two weeks earlier his agitation might have been attributed to the flight of his grand-daughter; but, in

fact, the old man had sustained her loss with remarkable equanimity and resignation. "It is her Spanish blood," he had muttered aloud, after reading the note written by Dolores before sailing. "She must be full of tricks as she

grows older. Let her go, once for

In his profound egotism he might even have been suspected of a sentiment of relief that a burthen was removed. Sorrow, apprehension, regret for the rash step taken by a young girl, wholly ignorant of the world-did these paternal misgivings fail to touch the heart of Jacob Deal-

try? He gave no sign. When a letter from Lieut Curzon, dated Lugano, had been received, announcing the marriage, and enclosing a second, faulty, little missive, written in Italian, from the bride, he had read the two communications without comment, and thrust the crushed envelope into the pocket of his threadbare

Now a far more severe misfortune had stricken the old man, and his whole being threatened to collapse in the shock.

The event which moved Jacob Dealtry to despair had convulsed all native Malta as with an earthquake Italy, actuated by the aim of con-

solidating a national currency, had recalled the coin known as the Sicilian dollar. The government of Malta announcing the decision, had given an ultimate date for all money of this denomination in circulation on the Island, to be brought to a given place and redeemed.

The unexpected tidings were received and discussed with a perturbation of which municipal authority may have previously entertained no suspicion. The Maltese, bigoted by tradition and distrustful by temperament, had remained cold amidst the fever of modern speculation, hoarding his worldly goods rather than risking all in bank, railway shares or loans. To possess gold one should be able to handle and count the glittering, coins frequently. Such is his creed. Moreover, to obey the present summons would be to fully reveal one's treasure, a course to be deplored.

Malta wept, prayed, raved in secret. In vain! The nobleman in his palace, penurious and abtemious of life, the merchant, the man of law, the sailor, the fisherman, equally cursed the tem poral dispensation which so ruthlessly unveiled the actual condition of individual finances to public curiosity.

Here was a situation almost unique in history. The island must divulge her wealth as far as the Sicilian dollar was concerned. Now the Sieilian dollar was a coin of preference with all grades of society, agreeable to manipulate, and sufficiently convenient to alip into unsuspected Miding-places, where neither moth nor rust need be feared, nor thieves break through and steal.

Swift and unforeseen stroke of destiny coming to overturn the established order of things! The world changes, and one must change with it, or be flung from the wheel of fortune and crushed.

During the period of waiting, conjecture and doubt, when rumor still lacked complete confirmation, Jacob Dealtry had gone about like one distraught, seeking news. Each neighbor was absorbed in his own gloomy meditations, and did not especially heed the eccentric foreigner.

Alone in the Watch Tower, his conduct did not astonish grandchild or nervant

At the first hint of impending change he had haunted the streets of Valetta and the quay, eager to glean fresh news from any source. Then he had returned home, to sink down on the stone bench, spent, dejected and

broken in spirit. In all the prudent calculation of years it had been impossible to realize

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

There are only four days each year in which the sun and clock time exactly correspond. April 15 was one of those days. The other three are June virtue prospers .- Goodman. 14, September 1 and December 24.

"What game have you today?" he asked, as he entered the Western cafe. "Dice and poker," said the waiter .-Harper's Bazar.

Professor: "The leather apron as worn by the black smith, is mentioned | Life. by Pliny as in use at his time." Stu. dent: "I'll bet that calico apron that the landlady wears at our boardinghouse was one of its contemporaries.' -Detroit Free Press.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

You shall do both, even if you are a slab-sided, pallid, woe begone dyspeple, if you reinforce digestion, insure the conversions of food into rich and nearishing blood, and recover appetite and sleep by the systematic use of the great renovator of health, strength and flesh, ifostetter's Stomach flitters, which also remedies malaria, kidney and rheumatic trouble, pervousness, constipation and billiousness.

Her Father (suddenly): "Young man, do you play poker?" Her young man (nervously): "Y-y-that is to say, no, sirl" Her Father (regretfully): "I'm sorry. Some of us were going to have a little game to-night, and we the rooms of Roman houses during the should have liked one more to take a hand." Somerville Journal.

To Cleanse the System To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

Mrs. Bray: "I thought you said it was the little boy next door who was making all the noise?" Little Johnnie: "So it was, ma, I was beating him with a stick."-Tit-Bits.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. V., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this ______ most comis now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this plete, interestinable common ical work ever the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little courons with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing only, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The Free Edition is precisely the same as those sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send Now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ill., April, II, 1894.

"So your papa is willing to trust me with you, is he?" "Yes. He seemed sure you'd fetch me back to him."-

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists 75 Cents.

Hudson: "What is Brown trying for his rheumatism now?" Judson. "Profanity."-Truth.

If the Baby is Cutting Teetn De sure and use that this and well-tried remedy, Mas. Winslow's Bootsing Symp for Children Teathing.

Lead-pencils with a paper covering instead of wood are the latest novelty in the line of stationary,

Coe's Cough Ralsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is siwaya reliable. Try it.

Hot-air tubes were used to warm time of Nero.

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light of touch that they can shave a

man without waking him, "Hanson's Magio Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded, ruggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.



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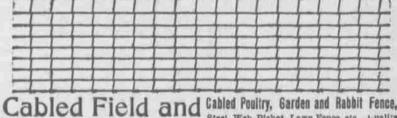
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